

# The Brethren's Evangelist.

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## AMBROSE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Never, surely was holier man  
Than Ambrose, since the world began.  
With diet spare and raiment thin  
He shielded himself from the father of sin;  
With bed of iron and scourings oft,  
His heart to God's hand was wax made soft,  
Through earnest prayer and watchings long,  
He sought to know what right and wrong;  
Much wrestling with the blessed Word  
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,  
That he might build a storm-proof creed  
To fold the flocks in at their need.  
At last he builded a perfect faith,  
Fenced round about with "The Lord thus saith;"  
To himself he fitted the doorway's size,  
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,  
And knew by a sure and inward sign  
That the work of his fingers was divine.  
Then Ambrose said "all those shall die  
The eternal death who believe not as I;"  
And some were boiled, some burned in fire,  
Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire  
For the good of men's souls, might be satisfied,  
By the drawing of all to the righteous side.  
One day as Ambrose was seeking the truth  
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth  
Resting himself in the shade of a tree;  
It had never been given him to see  
So shining a face, and the good man tho't,  
'Twere pity he should not believe as he ought.  
So he sat himself by the young man's side,  
And the state of his soul with questions tried;  
But the heart of the stranger was hardened indeed,  
Nor received the stamp of the one true creed,  
And the spirit of Ambrose waxed sore to find—  
Such face, the porch of so narrow a mind.  
"As each beholds in cloud and fire  
The shape that answers his own desire,  
So each," said the youth, "in the Law shall find  
The figure and features of his mind;  
And to each in his mercy hath God allowed  
His several pillars of fire and cloud."  
The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal  
And holy wrath for the young man's zeal.  
"Believest thou then, most wretched youth,"  
Cried he, "a dual essence in Truth?  
I fear thy heart is too cramped in sin  
To take the Lord in his glory in."  
Now there bubbled beside them where they stood  
A fountain of waters sweet and good;  
The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near.  
Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here?"  
Six vases of crystal then he took,  
And set them along the edge of the brook.  
"As into these vessels the water I pour,  
There shall one hold less, another more,  
And the water unchanged in every case,  
Shall put on the figure of the vase;  
Oh thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,  
Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?"  
When Ambrose looked up he stood alone,  
The youth and the stream and the vases were gone;  
But he knew by a sense of humbled grace,  
He had talked with an angel face to face,  
And felt his heart change inwardly,  
As he fell on his face beneath the tree.

## GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

BY S. C. MOWL.

Human nature is the same now as it ever has been. The same laws govern our existence, the same conditions regulating success and failure, are just as applicable to us as they were to our progenitors. There is still the oft-repeated history of a wasted life; here and there, scattered thickly all through this earthly vineyard, we find drones, sluggards in human form, who are subsisting on the goodness of a plentiful Giver, yet giving nothing in return; not even a symptom of gratitude. And why this listless life, without any noble aim or heavenly aspiration? We are told there is something good in every heart, and truly do we believe that the wise "I Am," who formed man in his own likeness, a little lower than the angels, placed in that heart—a strong reminder of the fact that there is a Creator greater than the creature; that there is something better beyond this life to satisfy the unrest of the human heart, and fill that "aching void," and continued longing for something in the future which nothing earthly can do. Why are we, then, so constantly found wandering from what we know to be the path of duty to God and man? Is it not because our good resolutions are not kept and lived out in our daily life? "Man resolves and resolves, then dies the same." It is only when we resolve by the aid of a higher strength, and stand determinedly upon that resolution, that we succeed. Man is not naturally good; there are evil and good ever striving for the mastery and dare we be so weak as to yield to the wrong, when a crucified Savior has taught us the right so plainly that none need err? He is the way,

the door, but we must enter to receive the benefits offered. The fault of the weak and erring lies in self-dependence. How often we hear young men—Christian young men professedly—say, I have resolved to quit the use of strong drink, tobacco, etc., when after a few days of abstinence, they return to the dangerous and offensive practice, with a keener appetite and a weakened purpose. They have been trusting in manly strength, forgetting that there is a pitying Savior who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. For shame, you, in the strength of manhood, conquered by a stimulant, or as you say, a luxury! The blush of shame should mantle your brow, when you express your inability to break the fetters of habit which you so unwisely have welded. The Bible tells us no one is tempted beyond the power of resistance; then why is it we yield so often and so willingly to the evil promptings of our heart? New resolves must be made daily, and in the fulfillment of them must come self-sacrifice. Rome was not built in a day, nor in a year; so a good character is not formed in one resolution, but they must be made continually. They must "grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength." We must not profess and be indifferent about possessing; we must not resolve and be careless about acting.

If we would be wise, good, useful, and happy, we must begin each day with a strong resolution to conquer our besetting sin, and then in the calm hour of nightly meditation we may have the peaceful consciousness of having done our duty, and made one step in our earthly pilgrimage, which shall land us safely in eternal bliss.

Roann, Ind.

## SEEING AND HEARING.

BY EYES AND EARS.

Don't think we are going to write about a circus, telling the thousand and one foolish things one sees and hears at such places, which never add anything to one's Christian character, nor takes anything from one's other character; which never adds a single feature to our soul that is elevating or refining.

I have seen daughters who can entertain company to perfection; they can usher you into their parlors, which are models, with the ease of a Parisian belle and once within, their entertaining abilities are simply perfect; they are not slow to make you at home, and every movement of the body from the poise of the head to the folding of the hands, and every facial expression, even their lisping testify that they are well trained young ladies. They can sing and play exquisitely, having had the time and opportunity to practice as well as the best instructions the profession could furnish. We sum it all up in language like this; we could not find fault with anything they said or did, from their first-class French accent to their perfect attitude at the instrument, unless there was a little too much for our comprehension. You ask what is the fault in all this? I answer nothing. But you see the wrong has not been related yet; it is in the sequel. While all this was going on, mother was in the kitchen alone at work. Wrong comes in here. Accomplishments are all right, as long as they do not pervert the natural affections of the members of the family.

We have seen other daughters, but they are scarce; they are like the oasis of the desert, few and far apart, and their lives are so many places along life's desert journey where all that is beautiful is found; they are quietly wielding an influence on those around them, both by their usefulness and the beauty of their lives. These daughters can receive you into their parlors, with as much grace and ease as their cousins; they can ask you to make yourself at home just like the real ladies they are; they can sit down to the organ and give you real good music, not quite as exquisitely wrought perhaps, as their cousins would have executed it, but good all the same. But they can also operate the instruments of the kitchen, which makes them very interesting parties at meal time. They are also not afraid to use their voices and you can hear them at their toil in the kitchen, at the wash tub or at the organ. You will not only find her full of music and wit, but will discover that her mind is well stored with good common sense and just wise enough not to play too long, or tell all she knows. She is mistress of the occasion. She says: "there is music in the kitchen, among the dishes," excuses herself like a Greek matron and passes out like a fairy, leaving you to your own reflections and to draw your own conclusions. The mother soon appears to entertain us. God bless such a daughter.

He who does not respect confidence will never find happiness in his path. The belief in virtue vanishes from his heart, the source of nobler actions become extinct in him.

## THE CONFERENCE AT JERO.

BY A. CRISAMORE.

TEXT: We believe that through the grace of Jesus Christ, we shall be saved, even as they.

It was the year A. D. 46, Paul and I had just finished their first great tour, from Antioch through Cyprus, Galatia, and back to Antioch. Here, they remained for several years in evangelistic and church work, in the and successful labors of the Antioch among the Gentiles. The Jewish marked a total disregard of the old manners and customs. They themselves kept up the old rites, deeming them even in the Christian faith. For the church at Jerusalem was almost made up of Jewish converts, who of Mosaic ritual also, but the Antioch almost wholly made up of Gentile disregarded these rites and Paul did sit on them. The Jewish Christians shocked at this. To the ordinary circumcision was a most solemn rite, by Jehovah, in the time of Abraham the sign of the covenant between his people. It marked the Jewish heathen world. To deny it seemed denying their God. They could no over, where or how Christ had ab. ceremonial law, and that the time that the Gentiles were to be brought thought the entrance must be the Jewish door making them proselytes. First, and then to Christ. Hence the Gentiles must be circumcised before could be christianized. The action Antioch church in receiving Gentiles to fellowship in Christ, with them through the rites of Judaism terrible. Finally some of the Jewish Christians came down to Antioch and condemned the looseness of the church's pastors.

We judge from Gal. 2: 4, 5, the misrepresented their authority: They gave the impression that by appointment, for permanent error. They you obey the decisions and wear a certain cut be saved." What sla made costume they were credit of being honest in cared so much more for The visible things were the inner circumcision of the ses taught of more consequence Christ taught. So now where any one particular form, or priestly dress, not authorize are in just the same error as we ics. When men or churches make ordinances of any of these, the tendency is to disputings and wandering from the spiritual presence of Christ. Paul and Barnabas saw at once the injurious error of these misguided brethren and foresaw the trouble they would make in the Antioch church. Hence vigorous opposition was at once put forth. They insisted that the Gentile converts should be left free to abide by the simple conditions on which they had been received into the church by the gospel. Just so it is with the Brethren. They want Christ's law and no other; for we can't serve two masters. A few contentious spirits can make much trouble; and those committees had better gone to preach the gospel, or stayed at home. The question was then to be settled for all nations and all time. If we take Jesus and his word for the man of our counsel we are saved if saved at all, only through grace, and that not of ourselves, but the gift of God.

Everest, Kan.

A boy met a youthful acquaintance in the street and exclaimed: "Didn't I tell you, Jack Busby, that I was again to whip you when I caught you out?" "Go away Bill, I don't want to fight." "Maybe you don't think I can whip you." "It don't make any difference I don't want to fight. My mother—" "Yes, your mother knows I can whip you." "My mother's dead. She died this morning." In a moment the braggart boy was transformed into a gentle child. "I didn't know it, Jack," he said "and you musn't think hard of me. I ain't got nothin' agin you. I wouldn't hit you, and if another boy was ter come up and hit you now I'd knock him down. There don't cry. What yer got in that bundle?" "A black dress." "Come on," and let me carry it for you."

## THE REAL HOME.

The real home is in the country, and it is something more than a dwelling; the field and trees all around it are part of it, and views from it of the landscape and distant mountains perhaps make it unlike any other place in the world. The country home, in fixity of surroundings has usually some measure of permanence and the social life formed there is under the favorable conditions of old family associations. Some have the happy condition of living in the home of their fathers, and are surrounded with objects of precious memory, daily mementoes of parental affection and instruction. The home which it makes is the best thing of farm life. There is a necessity of permanence, and as there is no sudden or great accumulation of wealth, a large increase, the family is free from that discontent which usually comes with sudden or great acquisition. It is one of the compensations of their condition that the farmer's family is in that "fixity of surroundings" which favors their highest culture.

## FEAR OF POVERTY.

How many seem to spend much of their lives in the fear of poverty! They are constantly striving to lay up something "against the time of need," and are full of anxiety lest losses and misfortune should deprive them of their hoarded treasures. But alas, how many seem to have no sort of fear of spiritual poverty, but are willing to spend their lives in a state of religious weakness, leanness, and starvation. The Lord has made provision that his people might have divine wealth, and that, though poor themselves, they may make many rich with the durable riches of righteousness. And so to the Christian who carries himself with seeking earthly gain, and whose heart is hungry, thirsty, burdened, and oppressed, Christ says, "I counsel thee to buy of me and tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich." Happy are they who heed the gracious invitation gain the wealth and blessing which the Lord can give.—Ex.

## FOURTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.

is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge accordingly. It is a great mistake to the enjoyment of others by our own; or judgment in youth; to mould all things alike; not to yield to immaterial look for perfection in our own account; worry ourselves and others with not be remedied; not to alleviate all is alleviation, as far as lies in our not to make allowances for the infirmities; to consider everything impossible which we cannot perform; to believe our infinite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

## HOLDING PAPA'S HAND.

The patter of little feet on my office floor, and a glad voice exclaiming, "Papa, I've come to school you home!" made known to me the presence of my little six years old darling, who often came at that hour "to take me home," as she said. Soon we were going hand in hand on the homeward way.

"Now, papa, let's play I was a poor little blind girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you lead me along and tell me where to step, and how to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began— "Now step up, now down," and so on till we were safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying, Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeped once!"

"But," said mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?"

With a look of trusting love came the answer: "Oh, no, mamma! I had a tight hold on papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."—Ex.

Better the chance of a shipwreck on a voyage of high purpose than expand life in paddling hither and thither on a shallow stream to no purpose at all.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; the one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

'Tis a rule that goes a great way in the government of a sober man's life, not to put anything to hazard that may be secured by industry, consideration or circumspection.

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